

CAPITALITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

'TAKEN BY SIEGE' COMMENCES IN THIS ISSUE --- READ IT!

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BYE THE BYE.

The promise of a new theater has proven a pretty will-o'-the-wisp. The last time it paused in its elusive flight it hovered over the corner of Twelfth and M streets, but it has gone glimmering again. It must be confessed that this will-o'-the-wisp attends strictly to business, and if some of the gentlemen who are chasing it would get down to business too there might be substantial results.

The COURIER of several weeks ago made public the plans for a new theater at the corner of Fifteenth and O. Ostensibly it was an enterprise of the Modern Woodmen, but as I then explained, the Woodmen were only to buy an upper story or two. The scheme was essentially that of Messrs. Van Dorn and Sawyer. Hearing of this project, certain persons interested in property near Twelfth and M tempted these gentlemen with a bonus of \$21,500 to plant their building on the M street corner. Each of the gentlemen agreed to put in \$10,000 as a starter, which would have made a pot of \$41,500 to begin with. Later they were to put in \$15,000 each, making an aggregate of \$71,500 and the balance of the money they needed was to be raised by mortgaging the property. The preliminaries to the deal were made and the prospect was fair. The deed was made out and deposited with the German National bank. The interested parties met at the bank to make the transfer. One of the two enterprising gentlemen had his check for \$10,000 ready. The other said he had not realized on property he expected to sell, and he asked his partner in the scheme to endorse his note for \$10,000, claiming he could get the cash on it. Of course that pricked the wind-bag and the scheme dissolved in air.

The proposed site belongs to Ed. H. Saulsbury of Chicago, who, by the bye, is one of the pushers back of the project for a hotel at Twelfth and N, just a block north. He has subscribed to \$5,000 worth of stock and has a double interest in doing so. The hotel would enhance the value of his property, and he expects to get the contract for its construction.

Saulsbury, you remember, or at least older residents will, is a Lincoln man. He learned his trade as carpenter right here. He was not only a hard working, frugal young fellow, but he developed ability as a contractor. He began in a small way. His first savings bought a quarter of the block at M and Twelfth streets when Lincoln dirt was cheap. As soon as he was able to put up a house on it, paying for the lumber with his labor. This was followed by another and another, and Saulsbury soon had a handsome income from rents alone. But he continued his industry, and in a few years had five or six thousand dollars laid up in bank.

About six years ago Saulsbury removed to Chicago and bought a large piece of ground at Hyde Park. He got it at a very small figure and built himself a house on one corner of it. He continued in his business as a builder, and his Hyde Park property grew in value year after year. He sold it recently at eighty-six dollars a front foot, and is said to have made \$80,000 from this one investment. Saulsbury is said to be worth about two hundred thousand. He is hardly forty, and considering his humble beginning his rise is startling.

But the men of a past generation have not corralled all the glory of getting on in the world at a fast pace. Bye-the-bye has in mind two young men right here in Lincoln now who began life as meat boys but bid fair to become men of means and influence. Each won the respect of his employer while at his menial employment and was given larger opportunities to show his mettle. Both young men are filing plans of honor and trust, are making money and saving it.

This opera house business has been a worry to Ed. Church. The projectors asked him if he would take its management. He assented and at their request named a satisfactory salary. They accepted the proposition but no contract was made. They gave it out to the reporters that Church was to be the manager of the new house, and the statement wandered down east and into the dramatic papers. Since then Ed. has been overwhelmed with letters and even a telegram or two. The communications were from builders, dealers in supplies and managers. Church has spent a peck of postage and mental effort in explaining the situation, and is sorry they speak.

Hon. William H. McCann of Hay Springs was in town the other day to renew his acquaintance with the world. The name of his town struck me as odd, but on inquiry I learned that it had a very natural origin. In the years ago when we young fellows studied geography together the maps showed a Great American Desert that took in pretty much all of Nebraska. Cultivation and increased rainfall has changed all this, but fifteen or twenty years ago the sand hills of Nebraska were practically a desert. Hay Springs is up near Chadron, on the trail to the Black Hills. Near the place are some never-falling springs, and round about them is always to be found a luxuriant growth of grass. It is easy enough to surmise how the locality acquired its name and won a blessed fame at the mouths of the men who traveled this weary trail.

McCann has an interesting personality. I am told he is not yet twenty-six, but he has won distinction in state politics. He was in a railroad office at Cincinnati, and, suffering from ague, he came to Nebraska for his health. In the fall of 1884 he left the Elkhorn, which had then reached Valentine, and plunged into the unknown northwest. He took up a claim at Hay Springs, went back east for the winter, and returned in the spring. Boy as he was, he jumped into the political swim and was a member of the legislature of two years ago. How he succeeded against old schemers is a mystery, but a mutual friend tells me he had to travel 1700 miles to get to the convention that nominated him. The distance is exaggerated probably,

but the trip was without doubt one of the most remarkable in political annals. The convention was held at North Platte. McCann had to come down the Elkhorn to Norfolk or Omaha and go thence over the Union Pacific to North Platte, making a round trip of twelve to fourteen hundred miles. McCann was one of the shaping forces in the legislature of two years ago, and, though an outsider, wielded considerable influence in the late unlamented. He has grown up with his section, has become interested in various paying enterprises and is getting into that comfortable condition known as well-to-do. He wears the title of colonel as a member of the governor's staff and an officer of militia.

Apropos the death of Washington Irving Bishop, the so-called mind reader, and the exposure in the COURIER of the pretensions of Seymour, another alleged thought reader, a recent interview with Charles Howard Montagu throws interesting light on the subject. Mr. Montagu was mentioned in Bye-the-bye as an amateur who performed Bishop's tricks and claimed no supernatural powers. He is a city editor of the Boston Globe and has been experimenting on the theory of involuntary muscular action, after having attended one of Bishop's performances. About two years ago he gave public exhibitions to prove his theory, even going to New York, where he went through the more difficult acts of Bishop with marked success. His feat of going from the theater in a carriage to the Hotel Dan, with an inverted box covering his face, accompanied by a committee of three persons, and finding a diamond pin secreted on the top of a chest of drawers created a positive sensation.

But to the interview: "The claim publicly made by Mr. Bishop," said Mr. Montagu, "was that he passed into a hypnotic condition similar to, but not as intense as the hysterical trances into which some of Charcot's patients pass at La Salpêtrière, Paris. Hypnotized, but not completely so, was Bishop's assertion. There was, of course, nothing of the kind. There was naught that savored of a metaphysical phenomenon. It was simply the clever act of a very clever and almost abnormally acute man. I have the best of reasons for knowing this, aside from the very accurate knowledge I possess of the means and agencies employed by myself in doing the same things. Mr. Bishop admitted to me without any reserve that he depended upon the same means as myself. The conversation occurred after I exposed his claims of hypnotism. We met and compared notes. He explained that it was a matter of business with him—dollars and cents—the same as with fakirs and sleight-of-hand performers. He was better qualified to conduct the experiments than myself, because he was in training, so to speak. I was an amateur with but little practice, but yet I succeeded better than he in some of the acts, and nearly as well in others.

"Mr. Bishop associated during his earlier days with palmers, magicians, sleight-of-hand men, or whatever you may call them. The so-called science of mind reading was known to some of these people years ago. One in particular, a man of the name of Brown, used to perform in a rather crude way the act of reading names from letters strung across the stage on a line. Mr. Bishop obtained his start from Brown, and he improved the original idea so that you would not have recognized it. He used to peek down beneath his bandage whenever he could, and every act was accomplished in a theatrical sort of way. He would locate satisfactorily to himself the object borne in the mind of the person whose hand he held, and then he would turn away only to return and reach the object with an impressive gesture of his hand. The simple act of touching the object unaccompanied by a stagey gesture would not have the impressive effect on the audience that he practiced would. He informed me that he practiced a great deal in finding an object in the dark. He would observe a speck on the wall and then he would darken the room and train himself to walk toward the given point and touch it with his finger promptly.

"The whole question of mind-reading depends upon a familiarity with the ready observations of trifles. The world is full of little things which pass unnoticed by 999 men out of a thousand. The story of the basis of my success is that I depended upon two rules—first, I followed the line of least resistance in favorable subjects whose arm or hand I held; and second, with contrary subjects I acted opposite the line of the greatest resistance. Mr. Bishop did likewise and so does the Englishman, Stuart Cumberland, by all means the cleverest mind reader in the world. Mr. Cumberland exposes the metaphysical or hypnotic claims of Mr. Bishop in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century Review*. By concentrating your mind upon the object under consideration and by following the involuntary and almost imperceptible muscular movements of the person whose mind you are supposed to be reading you will accomplish your end."

Here is the testimony of Montagu and Cumberland and the confession of Bishop that mind-reading as such is a fake. Mr. Montagu explodes the idea that the work causes an intense nervous strain. Poor Bishop was the victim of epilepsy, which he tried to make the public believe was nervous prostration resulting from his performance. He also indulged to excess in opium, absinthe and other stimulants, and it is no wonder he died suddenly in a fit.

Bananas at the grocery store, bananas at the ice cream parlors, bananas everywhere! And yet a few years ago they could hardly be gotten away in this same city of Lincoln. On Eleventh street just aside from O. S. Chevroton's fruit store, and at that stand the first bananas seen in Lincoln were offered for sale. Among the clerks is a Mr. Adams, who brought the first bananas to the city in 1872. People would not buy the strange fruit and it hung until the skins turned black. Mr. Adams then tried to induce the public into a liking by giving away the bananas, but one taste was enough for the few who ventured a trial.

The disgusted dealer finally offered the decaying fruit to a farmer to feed to his hogs, but had difficulty in convincing the granger that it would not poison his swine.

The growth of the banana trade has been something remarkable. At the time of its introduction in Lincoln there was but one vessel in the business, making about two trips a month. Now there are fifteen steamers devoted to the transportation of this one fruit in its season. Bananas are cut green and shipped to New Orleans, being distributed from that point. Some time since a train carrying fifteen carloads of the fruit was sent through to New York, and even Lincoln dealers lay by the car load. The cheapness of the fruit is one of the remarkable things about the business. Last Saturday night they were offered in this city at five cents a dozen.

But as remarkable as has been the growth of the American consumption of the banana, it is exceeded, probably, by the demand for light summer drinks. Many of us can recall the days when ice cream and soda water were rarities to be approached with keen appreciation. Now they are so common that many soda water stands do twenty to thirty dollars' worth of business in a day, but that is above the average. And yet, one day last summer Harley sold \$110 worth of drinks at his stand. Of course that was exceptional, but it indicates the great demand for aerated waters.

Mr. Adams, by the way, has been through a remarkable experience. He is an old resident of Lincoln, but returned recently after an absence of three years, which he spent in a hospital. He has suffered from gravel for twenty-five years, and being an old soldier he went to the home at Leavenworth. His case became dangerous, and the surgeons told him his only chance for life was to submit to an operation. Statisticians show that barely one patient in ten survives this piece of surgery. The surgeons also told him that if the operation were unsuccessful he would die within three days, but if he survived that length of time he might live twenty years. With a full knowledge of the danger Mr. Adams decided to take the slim chance of an operation. He had to undergo the first part of it without taking an anesthetic to kill the pain. The agony must have been exquisite. His system would not stand the shock of the entire operation at one time, and he was on the table eight times, about two hours each time. The patient's abdomen was cut open, parts of his internal gear sliced off and the wound sewed up with silver wire. Mr. Adams proved to be the tenth man and returned to Lincoln a few days ago.

The *Journal* office had one of its periodical earthquakes last week, and Mr. A. B. Hayes comes out of the shuffle as associate editor, while the foreman, Mr. James Mahoney, wears the belt as managing editor. Gossip gives various reasons, more or less plausible. But they do say that the *Journal* people have become frightened at the raid of the Omaha papers for Lincoln patronage and will retaliate. It is soberly stated that the *Journal* will send a man to the wicked city to run an Omaha "bureau." What the bureau is likely to accomplish is a problem too deep for Bye-the-bye to tackle on its present salary.

But the *Journal* and its managers have been potent factors in the political and commercial life of the state, and they are favorite subjects for gossip. One of the latest pieces set afloat is amusing. It is given out that Editor Gere may have the postmaster-ship on one of two conditions, namely: He must resign his editorship or he must change the policy of the paper and support constitutional prohibition. The man who tells this story actually believes, or pretends to believe, that President Harrison has named such a condition, and he explains it on the theory that a majority of the cabinet are for prohibition. "What fools these mortals be," to be sure!

An effort is being made to celebrate the Fourth of July in Lincoln in a novel manner. The proposition is to have a spectacle similar to the Mardi Gras of New Orleans or the Veiled Prophets of St. Louis. The idea is to base it on the legendary story of Nebraska's discovery by the Spaniards as told by Judge Savage in a historical paper some years ago. The proposition comes from Manager McReynolds, and his letter will not only give an interesting synopsis of the legend, but it will show great possibilities if the proposed spectacle be entered upon with enthusiasm. Manager McReynolds has been made chairman of the celebration committee, and his idea cannot be explained better than by quoting his letter. It is as follows:

I would suggest to this committee that in view of the fact that the Fourth of July celebration has met with the unanimous approval of our citizens that an innovation on the regular order of such celebrations be inaugurated. And for a change I can think of nothing more appropriate than the representation of the beautiful legend of Nebraska which Judge Savage has so graphically told in a paper read before the state historical society. As Judge Savage tells the story, somewhere away back down the corridors of time, when Spanish cavaliers were inflamed by the success of Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru, that there came an Indian to the Spanish general, Coronado, with the wondrous tale that far to the northward were the seven cities of Cibola in the realm of Quivera; and that this realm of Quivera was ruled by the mighty monarch Tartarax, who lived in magnificent splendor; that gold was so common among these people as to be of but little value; that they made utensils and farming implements out of it; that the monarch Tartarax and his subjects lived in regal splendor; that their warriors wore helmets and bore shields of solid gold; and the slaves of this mighty monarch numbered thousands, to do his slightest bidding.

So magnificent were these tales of wealth and opulence that Coronado raised an army of some three hundred cavaliers and led them over the Rio Grande river, across the sandy desert of New Mexico and over the plains of Kansas until at last he arrived on the fertile prairies of Nebraska, and some where on the Platte river planted the cross and took possession of the country in the name of the king of Spain. But Tartarax was nowhere to be found. Presumably he had caused Coronado to be guided out of his way.

While the story may in part be considered purely mythological, yet it has in it many of the elements of grandeur and magnificence. For today the faded realm of Quivera with its wealth, and the seven cities of Cibola, teeming with their prosperous thousands, are here. The prosperous realm which the Spanish cavaliers had dreamed of was to be in the latter days, and is now. And I offer as a suggestion to this committee that the proper portrayal of King Tartarax and his retainers, bearing their shields and spears and mounted on horseback entering the city on the afternoon of the Fourth of July, followed by Coronado and the Spanish cavaliers with trailers display in parade would bind the past to the present, and all tend to make a gorgeous spectacle, and an appropriate one, too, for the legend of Nebraska is ours, and will blend well with our prosperity and our patriotism on this occasion.

There can be a pavilion erected on the public square, where at night beneath brilliant illuminations there can be a grand masquerade ball in progress as well as speaking from the grand stand.

Should this suggestion be adopted I would suggest that Judge Savage himself be invited to act as King Tartarax and we will help him issue his royal edicts. First, he commissions about 600 gentlemen, commanding them under pain of great torture to bring their kinsmen, their retainers and their slaves attired in their armor and proper regalia, each bearing a mighty spear, to assemble at some given point at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth of July when they are supposed to take possession of the city.

Another edict can then go out from Tartarax commanding merchants to decorate and illuminate their places of business, to provide a suitable display of their wares in the night procession.

The third edict can be sent to the various towns tributary to Lincoln on that day. There can be displays of fireworks and probably a balloon ascension.

PEN, PAPER AND INK.

Adelbert Hamilton, of New York, a well known writer on legal subjects, presents statistics in the *June Forum* to show the unnecessary cost of insurance by reason of what is practically a "trust," maintained by the great companies. He favors government insurance and compares the cost and security of our private system with the systems of public insurance in New Zealand and Germany. Mr. Hamilton points out also the yet undeveloped possibilities of insurance as a substitute for charity organizations.

W. Blackburn Harte, an editorial writer for the *Toronto Mail*, writes in the *Forum* for June on The Dirit Towards Annexation. He maintains not only that commercial union and thereafter political union of the United States and Canada are inevitable, but also that they are desirable for Canada, and that the Canadian politicians of all parties know this, unwilling as some of them are to confess it. He points out also what he conceives to be the absurdity of Canada's continuing the colonial relation to Great Britain.

In *Scribner* for June begins the series of popular articles on the practical applications of electricity. The opening paper by Professor C. F. Brackett, of Princeton, is entitled "Electricity in the Service of Man." It is an introductory paper which sets forth some of the common methods by which the more important electrical phenomena are produced, the laws which they reveal, and the principles involved in measuring electrical quantities such as the Volt, Ampere and Ohm—terms which have lately come into general use, though not popularly understood.

The *June Outlook* has an article on the Care of Dogs, by that well known authority, D. Boulton Herrald. Lovers of the horse will read with pleasure *June Days in the Saddle*, by C. H. Crandall. Cricketers will be interested in *Cricket in Australia*, by G. H. D. Gossp. *Camping Outfits and Equipment* is an article of value to all who wish to spend a summer in the woods. How O'Tulliver Bard won the Championship will interest wheel men.

The *June Magazine of American History* opens with a sketch of The Historic Capital of Iowa, now the seat of the State University, written by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Iowa City, and nothing more readable can be found in the magazine literature of the month. The second contribution is an account of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, by C. E. S. Kasay, M. A., the romantic story beginning with the first settlers of New England, and closing with the recent interchange of civilities between the Ancient and Honorable London and American Artillery companies, the two oldest military organizations in the world.

Alameda, a Tale of the Buellos Madros, one of the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., appeals strongly to that class who are pleased with Rider Haggard's works. It tells of a strange people living in Mexico who have customs never heard of before, and the story is gruesome enough to satisfy the insatiate for new sensations.

The *Overland Monthly* has from the first been noted for its Indian papers. This month it is the Indians of the Southwest. The leading article is on the Yuma Indians. The writer has long been engaged in investigations of the language, traditions, customs, characters, etc. of this tribe. The description of the old chief Pasqual, lately dead, is especially striking. The pictures illustrate the persons, dress, dwellings, pottery, weapons and implements of this tribe. This article is followed by one on Prof. Cushing's discoveries among the dead and buried cities of the "Shivian" race; it gives a full statement of the results of the Hemenway expedition, with Prof. Cushing's main conclusions as to the true origin, antiquity, etc., of these resurrected pueblos.

The choicest brand of cigars, the finest fruit and confectionery and the various flavors of pure ice cream may be found at Morton & Leighty's new store, 1130 N. street.

AMUSEMENTS.

Funke's will have a novelty Monday evening in the form of a ballad concert by the Ludwig concert company. At its head is William Ludwig, and among its members are two prima donnas, Miss Adelaide Mullin and Miss Annie Layton. These ladies are charming types of Irish womanhood. Highly educated, young and pretty, they are greatly admired in their native Dublin. This company sings the most familiar of the old airs that are dear to the heart, and are said to have achieved a popular as well as an artistic success.

ONCE MORE WITH US.
John B. Polk will play a return engagement at Funke's next Tuesday evening in his funny piece, "Mixed Pickles." This is one of those roaring farce comedies which are designed to make people laugh and live longer. "Mixed Pickles" is one of the best known of them all.

IT IS WITHIN the bounds of truth to say that Thatcher, Primrose & West give one of the very best minstrel performances ever seen. They actually gave us something new last night, and the sensation was pleasing. They have gotten out of the old burnt cork ruts. One of the chief departures is white faces in the first part, and the performers are considered as Shakespearean characters. The traditional "afterpieces," usually a "rotten" performance, is done away with. Originality is the rule all through and T. P. & W. are to be commended for giving us something new in a minstrel show.

BARBERS AT THE EDEN MUSEE.
Lincoln will have her first annual baby show next week. The entries at the Musee have been large, and Manager Lawlor will certainly have a platform full for you to decide which is the prettiest, best natured, cutest, etc. It is a decided novelty and will doubtless prove a drawing card for the week's entertainment at this popular family resort. Valuable prizes are offered and the entries are from some of the best families. The bawl opens Monday afternoon and there is no doubt it will be a lowering success. In the Bijou theaterium Baby Adams and a speciality company will produce the charming little sketch, "Editha's Burglar." This, together with a variety entertainment, will give the Musee a strong bill down stairs. Friday, as usual, each lady visitor will receive a useful present from the management. Saturday is the school children's day, when 10 cents admits to all parts of the house.

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.
The world famed Jubilee Singers from Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., have been secured to give one of their inimitable concerts here on next Friday evening, June 7th. This is the original company that devoted over \$150,000 of its earnings to the building of Fisk University, that made two wonderfully successful tours abroad, the guests of kings and queens and prime ministers, and that sang by special invitation for Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.

"I never so enjoyed music."—Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.
"That music touches; it takes hold."—Crown Prince of Germany.
Reserved seats at Harley's after Wednesday morning.

GOSPIP OF THE HOUR.
Robt. Brown has sold the furniture of the People's theater to the owner of the opera house at Falls City.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew will be joint proprietors of a company next season and "Antony and Cleopatra" will be their main attraction.

Since March 1, 1888, there have been sixty-one divorces in dramatic circles. The most important are Pauline Hall, Fannie Davenport and Maggie Mitchell.

Current gossip in New York city has it that Maggie Mitchell will sail for Europe at the close of her season, to be married to Charles Abbott, her leading man.

WOMEN'S WAYS.
After all the society girl should not be expected to know everything. If she can keep up with her new dances, the latest kinds in dress and arrangement in hair, the newest trifles in jewelry and perfume, she ought not to be burdened with book lore, even to such inconsiderable trifles as telling the magazines one from another. It is an actual fact that a beautiful girl, a great belle in her social circle and a favorite with a long list of masculine victims, recently picked up, from a friend's library table, the latest *Century*. "We used to take this," she remarked as she ran her jeweled fingers through the pages. "No, I believe it was the other one." "What other one?" asked the hostess. "Do you mean *Harper's*?" "Yes, that's it, *Harper's*," but it wasn't *Harper's* that we took; it was this one, I know, I remember it now, because I know it had this *Pears'* soap advertisement in the back of it."

The *Chat* of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, describes novel accessories used by a club of married people who dissipate mildly with cards. At the entrance to the house hung a red Indian blanket, and a boy in Indian toggery attended the door. Against the stairway was a canoe filled with ferns and flowers. The parlors were hung with Indian draperies and pictures, and each guest was presented with a miniature birch bark canoe as a souvenir. Each canoe was filled with lilies of the valley. On one side was a verse from *Hiawatha*, while on the other was a hand painted illustration of the verse given. For keeping the scores were provided little buckskin bags in which a bean was deposited when a game was won. Among the decorations was a framed letter written by the Indians. It was a series of crude pictures, provided with a translation. The prizes consisted very appropriately of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" and Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has been trying very hard for some years back to get into the *Century* columns without coming any nearer to success than the bric-a-brac department. Not long ago she sent a story to the magazine

with the back pages cunningly closed together by means of maillages. She believed, in common with many other disappointed contributors, that the *Century* people did not read the MSs, sent them. It never entered the thoughts of Mrs. Wilcox that anything written by her might not be suitable for a well-conducted magazine. But in this instance, as in her previous experiences, Ella's story was politely declined. It happened soon after this that Mrs. Wilcox met one of the assistant editors of the *Century* in a social way. Next day she sent him a story accompanied by a long letter of entreaty that he should use his influence on the magazine to have her contribution accepted. He turned the letter and the story over to one of the readers. That gentleman presently discovered that the story was, with the exception of a newly written front page and a French title, the same as the one formerly sent by Mrs. Wilcox. Since which episode Ella and the *Century* people have not spoken as they passed by.

Mrs. Wilcox's ideas, by the way, are not always as clear as they might be. At a Bohemian luncheon, soon after her newspaper war with Mrs. Atherton, she was dilating on what it pleased her to term a masterstroke in drawing invidious comparisons between Mrs. Atherton's physical charms and her own. "And," she added, smilingly, "there isn't a man in the city who doesn't envy my husband."

PERSONAL.

James Ledwith is improving.
W. W. Jones is in Eureka, Ill.
Capt. and Mrs. Phillips are in Chicago.
G. D. Scrambling is visiting in Indiana.
Anson Becker has returned to Waco, Tex.
Mrs. J. H. Taylor is visiting at Monongahela, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Buckner arrived home Monday.
W. T. Van Dorn started Tuesday for San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. S. P. Vanatta of Plattsmouth is visiting relatives.
Mrs. Frank Mauritus has been visiting at Leavenworth.

Mrs. Senator Taggart of Hastings was in the city this week.
C. L. Hopper went to Sandwich, Ill., to bring back his wife.

C. M. McCaddon, now of Grand Island, was in town Wednesday.
Harry Hanna of the M. P. put in several days at Kansas City.

Will Lett, now of Denver, was in town this week grasping friendly palms.
Prof. Fontaine has gone east and will spend the summer in France and Spain.

Mrs. Robert Walker of Grant has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayden.
One hundred Engraved Calling Cards and plate for \$2.50 at the COURIER office.

Fred H. Gadd of Omaha was a Sunday guest at his father's. Also Miss Belle Sellers.
Max Rich, now of Bird City, Kansas, was in town this week shaking hands with old friends.

Hovey Barrett, now of the Council Bluffs *Reflector*, was back Monday on that periodical trip.
Leavitt Burnham of Omaha, one of the regents of the University, was in the city Wednesday.

Mr. George W. Bonnell, depot ticket agent for the B. & M., has returned from his eastern trip.
Mrs. John Zehring and Frank C. Zehring arrived home Thursday evening from Hot Springs, Ark.

Dr. Billings and family have taken up their residence at the Capital for the remainder of their stay in Lincoln.
Mrs. C. J. Ernst is showing her friends a collection of curious things sent her by a missionary friend in India.

Rev. Curtis, who tied the nuptial knot for Senator Pope and his bride, at Friend, was accompanied by Mrs. Curtis.
Samuel Wessel is swinging round the circle of New York and Philadelphia, and expects to spend the summer in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Shilling have returned from their Illinois visit, and were accompanied by Miss Maggie Dorence.
William Pope of Chicago was in the city Monday on his way to Friend to attend the wedding of his brother, Senator Pope.

Rev. E. J. Lampton, a Christian clergyman from Palmyra, Mo., has been looking over the city with a view to locating.
Mrs. H. M. Bushnell is visiting at her old home, Queen City, Mo. Mr. Bushnell accompanied her and went farther east.

Mrs. D. W. Bower is visiting at Des Moines and will also visit in Chicago and La Porte, Ind., during an absence of several months.
Chancellor Creighton of Wesleyan university and Prof. Aylesworth of the Christian university will make addresses at the Crete chautauqua.

Senator Pope of Friend was in the city Monday and T. R. Sylvanus gave him a learned lesson on the duties and responsibilities of married life.
Miss Bertie McMichael, who had been visiting in the city the past month, the guest of Mrs. H. Musselman, left for her home in Red Oak, Iowa, Saturday.

L. W. Billingsley was Decoration Day orator at Beatrice and I. W. Lansing at Pawnee City. Mrs. Lansing assisted in the latter's program with a recitation.
Mrs. Niemeyer of Hastings, one of the guests at the Taggart-Williams wedding, has been spending a part of the week with Mrs. E. K. Criley at the Windsor.

Mrs. C. W. Mosher has been enjoying a visit from her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Mausfield, and from Mr. and Mrs. Lee Newton, all of Peoria. Mrs. Newton is a sister of Mrs. Mosher and will be remembered by many from a former visit.
J. U. Higginbotham has been called to his old home at Manhattan, Kansas, to assist in the settlement of his father's affairs, which necessitates his leaving Lincoln permanently. Mr. Higginbotham has been a prominent figure in social and Elk circles, whose members will regret to lose him from among their number.